

# The Little Vineyards Company

Deming, New Mexico



Well No. 1, of Little Vineyards Co., one mile east of Deming, equipped with 35 h. p. General Electric Motor, No. 7, American Well Works Pump, delivering 1400 gallons of water per minute.

Here is one of our wells. We have three just like it. We have the best watered tract of land for sale in the Mimbres Valley—the valley where water means everything, and the method of developing water decides whether or not it can be pumped economically.

We have developed the water—a superabundance of it—and have developed it economically. These two features are of supreme importance.

We chose our lands when we had the pick of the entire valley at practically our own price. We spent hundreds of dollars in having analyses and tests made of soils in various portions of the valley. We chose this tract one and two miles east of Deming as the very cream of it all. It is deep, rich and mellow. It is level, easily tilled, with perfect drainage. It is adapted to deciduous fruits grapes, alfalfa, beans, and garden truck. You simply cannot find a finer body of land in the United States.

We have cut this tract up into five, ten and twenty acres tracts, and have placed it on the market at

**\$150 Per Acre** With the Water In the Ditch

Graded roads are built at our expense around each forty acres. Trees are set out at our expense and water along all the highways. We are building a community which will be a pride to the whole valley. Don't you want to get in on this before all the land is sold. Don't you want to build a nice, self-sustaining country home, quit worrying regain your health, and become independent? Easy terms if you desire.

**The Little Vineyards Company** DEMING N. M.

## DISCUSS MEMBERS WHO DO NOT PAY

No Quorum at Commerce Chamber, So Informal Discussion Follows.

They had trouble getting together a quorum at the monthly meeting of the chamber of commerce directors' board Friday afternoon. So they sat around and discussed various things, principally discussed those members of the chamber who do not pay their dues. It developed that there is something of a list, and that it contains many names prominent in business and official life, some really big office holders and merchants who nobody ever heard were poverty stricken. It was decided to do something, but as there was no quorum, nothing was done.

A quorum at a chamber meeting is five. They had four, and then Frank Coles had to go to serve on the grand jury. Then W. C. Harrie walked in, but he came just too late to make a quorum. There was Walter S. Clayton, president of the chamber, W. T. Hixson, W. W. Rose and Robert Walker. They talked about things for an hour or so.

**Costs \$51 to Buy a Drink.** It developed that it cost El Paso \$51 to buy the 134 Infantry a drink. Secretary C. A. Kinne reported that he had bills to that amount for beer bought on the occasion of the Infantrymen's departure from El Paso. There was some question as to whether or not the bills had been paid. It will be decided later who bought the drink.

The Carr Casting company, of Wheeling, W. Va., has written the El Paso chamber offering to locate in El Paso if a satisfactory site will be furnished as a bonus. They have been written to ask more particulars of what size plant they project.

The art department of the Woman's club has asked the endorsement of the chamber of commerce to establish an art school in El Paso. The endorsement was given.

President Clayton has named the members of the committee which will undertake the raising of funds for the 1915 convention of the Cattle Raisers' association of Texas. The members are: John M. Wyatt, U. S. Stewart, Henry Beach, Ed Christie, W. L. Tooley, A. P. Kerr.

New members of the chamber of commerce accepted at the meeting were: Magnolia Bottling company, L. Dessar, Hotel Ziegler, Charles M. Gresham, D. Huntzinger, W. H. Long, H. Nordwald & Co.

**GRAND AND PETIT JURORS** Solomonville, Ariz., April 25. The grand jury is in session and the petit jury has been summoned to appear today.

Mrs. A. W. Gillespie is in the local telephone office temporarily. The aid society met with Mrs. Ben Hanger Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Solomon have left town. Mr. Solomon went to Ray, Ariz., and Mrs. Solomon went to Globe on a visit to her daughter Mrs. Max Loring.

A number of young people went to the cinema for a day's outing. Mrs. Ed Devine, of Florence, Ariz., has been visiting old friends at Solomonville for some days past. Mrs. Devine was Miss Lottie Calkin and taught school here for two years.

**HIGHER RATE FOR THE CARELESS ONES** Failure to Observe Fire Ordinance Will Prove Expensive.

Failure on the part of merchants and property owners to comply with the regulations of the city fire ordinance will force them to pay a higher insurance rate. Heretofore these persons have been arrested by the city fire marshal and hauled into police court. Besides this, they are to be held responsible by the fire insurance companies. Fire marshal H. E. Reynard has been instructed to make a report each month of his inspections. His report will go to the state fire insurance companies and there the fire insurance companies will get them and if his charges are not complied with, the insurance of an increased rate.

There has been much piling of trash and refuse in the city streets. The city has been allowed to be almost filled with refuse and rubbish, and the owners are not complied with the ordinance to pay more insurance.

**DON'T GET RUN DOWN** Weak and feeble. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, backache, rheumatism, nervousness, pains in the back, and feel tired all over, get a package of Mother Gray's Aromatic-Leaf. We have many testimonials from grateful people who have used this wonderful remedy. Ask for Mother Gray's Aromatic-Leaf at Druggists or send by mail for 50¢. Sample FREE. Address: The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N.Y.

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox

On the Reproduction Of the Human Species

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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PENDLETON DUDLEY, of New York City, has sent to this column some interesting enclosures, which, he says, are forwarded with doubts as to their suitability for popular reading. These extracts refer to the great time, thought, care and skill bestowed by the government on the breeding of fine stock, particularly horses.

The United States department of agriculture demands that the most desired breeding horses shall be free from "curb hocks" or other decidedly faulty conformations. They must be free from "drift blood" and from "bone spavin," "ring bone," "lameness of any kind," "side bone," "heaves," "springs," "scurfing," "moon blindness" or other blindness.

Of course the sire has been carefully selected, and are pure in blood and free from all disqualifying flaws.

It is by such persistent and scientific means that perfect specimens of horse flesh are produced. In opposition to these methods, Mr. Pendleton places the harum scarum methods, as he calls them, governing the reproduction of the human species. Professor Brewer, of Yale, tells of a case in Connecticut, some years ago, where a feeble minded pauper woman, kept as a public ward, was mated by a half-witted farmer living in an adjoining town. A selectman of the town maintaining the woman, "to get rid of her support," encouraged the marriage. His short sightedness, even from the standpoint of immediate money economy, as a result of racial crossing, became apparent when, a few years later, she and her husband and three idiotic children drifted into the poorhouse of the husband's town.

Interesting records exist of two families of criminals, the so-called "Jukes" and the "Tolsons" of London. From the one man who founded the "Juke" family came 1200 descendants in 75 years; out of these, 218 were professional paupers, who spent an average of 220 years in poorhouses; 59 were evil women, seven murderers, 60 habitual thieves and 110 common criminals.

Lordale has estimated that the "Juke" family was an economic loss to the state, measured in terms of po-

tential usefulness wasted, costs of prosecution, expenses of maintenance in jails, hospitals and asylums and of private loss through thefts and robberies of \$1,300,000 in 75 years, or over \$17,000 each member of the family.

Similarly the Tribe of Lemmings, numbering 1432 individuals in six generations, has produced 121 known evil thieves, vagrants and murderers. The history of the tribe is a swiftly moving picture of social degeneration and steady parasitism, extending from its 16th century convict ancestry to the present day horde of wandering and criminal degenerates.

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, says in his most interesting bulletin report on "National Vitality, Its Wastes and Conservations."

"It is well known that cultivated plants and animals have been greatly changed and developed by breeding. The original apple, as offered by nature to mankind, was the small, sour, bitter crab of the forest, unpleasant, indigestible, and of no use. The Davenport, a writer of political economy, estimated that the average weight of dressed cattle did not exceed 370 pounds in 1848. McCulloch states that at present the average weight of cattle is estimated at or about 800 pounds. "Human heredity," says Fisher, "is dependent on haphazard selection. Little attention is paid by those who contemplate marriage to the question of how much strain will be transmitted to the next generation. The story was told of a famous dog fancier who, when asked why he paid so much attention to his dogs but neglected the care of his children to nurses, replied: 'My dogs have a pedigree. Human pedigrees are no less than canine, rest on a physical basis; yet genealogical records of human beings, while they have much to say of social position, have very little to say of physical capacity or intellectual ability. Those who, like Galton and Pearson, believe in a science of eugenics, hope that the day will come when the science of inheritance will include as important, if not as the chief items, physical, mental and moral heredity. A tendency in this direction can be discerned. When the nobility commanded the reverence of all classes, quite irrespective of ability,

commoners, however well endowed by nature, could never obtain the same respect. But today the English house of commons is more honored and respected than the house of lords."

"Once the importance of physical pedigree comes to be rated at its true value, a man's pride in his own inheritance will show itself in a correlative feeling of responsibility for future generations. For the sake of children yet unborn, men and women will set for themselves physical ideals of the highest order."

It is not, of course, possible to obtain the highest results in breeding humanity by the same means we obtain such results with fruits or animals.

Men and women possess sentiment, constructive brain power and will, which would prevent obtaining ideal offspring if they were selected as animals are selected, purely for breeding purposes. But were it to become a law, that men and women must undergo a careful examination by skilled specialists before they could obtain marriage licenses, and that a heavy fine would be enforced if children were born of people who had not passed successfully such examinations, it would soon become the fashion and the fashion for young men and women to be strong in body and mind.

Our government ought to offer prizes to the men and the women who can pass the best physical examination at the age of 25.

A building lot would be an admirable prize to offer a young man; and a similar gift to the young woman would not be unsuitable.

Both give an invitation to outdoor life, and offer a good income in reward for industry. Unoccupied land, large enough to admit a house, will soon yield money enough to build the house if properly cared for.

The first born of two such prize winners should also be dowered by the government; and both parents should be obliged to pass another examination before a second child came into the world. Our country is waking to the great need of supervision over the increase in population.

After 100 or 200 years it will take as much interest in good specimens of men and women as it now does in good specimens of fruit and horses.

## Married Life the Third Year

By Mabel Herbert Urner

HELEN was never a brilliant conversationalist. No one could ever accuse her of trying to scintillate. As a rule when she was in company, especially when Warren was present, she was more or less self-conscious and much preferred to listen than to talk.

But tonight she was unusually animated. We all have occasional moments of exaltation, when we feel that we are "on fire," when we "let ourselves go"—and often regret it afterward. And for Helen this was such a moment.

Perhaps it was because the day had been a very happy one. It was Sunday, and Warren and Helen had been unusually companionable. In the morning he had read the papers, now and then reading to her, and she had been sitting happily by his side, mending a little. She could never see why it was worse to sew or mend on Sunday than to do anything else. And she was never happier than when she was mending. Warren would read to her while she sat sewing in a low chair beside him.

In the afternoon they had gone for a long walk, and came home just in time to dress and get over to the theater, which Helen had been promised to dine.

Helen's mood seemed infectious. Mr. Stevens told some very clever stories, but when he did told them with inimitable humor and wit, and some incidents of his western trip.

Tells of Her Kitten. Then Helen found herself telling of Pussy Purkin's antics. How she always moved her way into every box, and how she had quipped into Della's handbox on top of her new Caesar hat without knocking off the lid, and how frightened and angry Della had been when she found her there.

Then Helen told of the time when she had been very afraid, but it was the way she told it that gave it charm. "I say, Helen, give us that imitation of the woman who was suffragist meeting," demanded Warren.

"Oh, no, no," flushing. "I couldn't do that."

"Why not? Of course, you can." Then, turning to Mrs. Stevens, "She went to the suffragist meeting the other day and came back and said to me, 'Give it to us, kitten, let's have it.'"

At any other time Helen could not have been persuaded to do this before anyone but Warren, but now she stood up to better give the effect. If she had done well before, she surprised herself. She gave as lively a speech as she could remember, and then made up a great deal more.

All in the time, Helen's face was lit up with the glow of triumph. The suffragist who was making her first speech in public, and who felt that it was only a matter of time before she would be a high sounding phrase about "woman's rights," "woman's independence" and "down with man-kind."

Helen had a natural talent for mimicry. She could come home from the theater and impersonate any actor and now while they were still conversing with laughter at her suffragist impersonation, Warren asked her to take off the star of a play they had just seen. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Stevens had been to the play, and they all shouted at the clever mimicry.

Flushed with excitement and urged on by their roar of laughter, Helen gave one imitation after another until she finally sank breathless into her chair.

**Warren Is Pleased.** "Bravo, Warren, bravo!" exclaimed Warren. "We'll have you in ruder-ville yet."

"Why, dear, you're wonderful," and Mrs. Stevens leaned forward with genuine admiration. "Why didn't you tell me of any of us know you could do this?"

"That's what I want to know," demanded Warren. "Think of what we've been missing."

"Oh, it's a different little kitten, and it doesn't show off in public," laughed Warren.

But in spite of the lightness of his tone there was an unmistakable note of pride in his voice that set Helen's heart a-flutter.

She was intoxicated with it all, with the sense of her own power, with the praise and admiration they had showered upon her, and above all with the realization that Warren was proud of her.

"She was conscious, too, that she was looking unusually well. Every now and then she caught her reflection in the mirror of the sideboard opposite. The daylight blue chiffon gown that she had bought since Warren's return, brought out all the fairness and delicate coloring of her skin. And she had had a look of admiration in Warren's eyes as they rested upon her, that had not been there for many months."

"So, we have coffee in the other room," asked Mrs. Stevens. "Oh, no, let's have it here," answered her husband. "There's something com-

panionable about sitting around a table that you can't get anywhere else."

And so they lingered long over their coffee, talking and talking with the sense of well-being that a good dinner and good company sometimes brings.

Never had she so "let herself go." She was vaguely conscious that for her she was talking in a great deal, but she was conscious, too, that she was talking well. Never had words and ideas come so fluently. Usually in the evening they spent with the Stevenses she would listen quietly to Warren and Mr. Stevens, but tonight they were listening to her.

But suddenly at the very height of her animation she felt Warren's foot touch hers under the table. She glanced down quickly to find him frowning disapprovingly.

She was suddenly and as subduing as a dash of cold water. All her exhilaration instinctively faded into an anxious self-consciousness.

What had she said? What had she done? She looked at him in mute inquiry. He was silent for a moment, and then he looked away from her. Plainly he did not wish to exchange glances for the time being.

For the rest of the evening she was as silent as a mouse. She was so conscious of her own behavior, so conscious of the fact that she had talked much more than she really had. Her imitations, too, seemed now very foolish and ungratifying.

Oh, how could she have let a little applause lead her on to make such a spectacle of herself? And so in her mind she exaggerated everything and tortured herself with the exaggerations, as only a sensitive, imaginative woman can.

The rest of the evening seemed interminable. She was feverishly anxious to get away. When at last they left she could hardly wait until they were in the street before she said, exclaiming:

"Warren, what was it? What did I do? What did you do?" blankly.

"Oh, I know—I know I talked too much, but what did I say or do just then that made you stop me?"

"Stop you?" still blankly.

"When you were crowned and nudged me at the table?"

"What are you talking about, anyway? What I'd seen you. Don't you see I anguished over it all the rest of the evening? I don't know what made me run so at dinner—you know I never like that!"

"Well, you were a darn sight more attractive than I'd seen you. Don't you know what you're talking about now?"

"Why, Warren?" in bewilderment. "What made you frown at me? What made you nudge me with your foot?"

"Guess you dreamed it." And then as something dawned on him he threw back his head and roared. "Jove, you are a little goose! That must have been when my foot went to sleep under the table. Didn't know I was frowning—but was moving it around to stop the ache. Well, they had no 'so that's what you thought.' By George, that's rich!" and again he roared.

"Oh, Warren, I don't think it's a bit funny. Indignantly. "It's simply spoiled my evening. It made me feel that I talked too much and that I'd been too—too—faltering for want of the word. And oh, I anguished over it so!"

"Oh, well," indifferently. "You anguished over anything. Half your troubles come from anguishing over imaginary things, anyhow."

**Love Of Gambling Is the Root Of Human Nature** A Woman's Impression of Monte Carlo Casino—Women Who Gamble More Apt to Win Than Men.

By JULIA DAWSON.

IF love of gambling is the very root of human nature, you can't dam it, or it, anyway, shut it down. I fear that you would not if you could. Our every breath is a gamble. We do not know when or where we shall draw the next, or if we shall draw it at all. The whole charm of life rests on the fact that we do not know what is coming next.

Naturally woman going to the gambling tables is interested most in her fellow-women. If she has never been there before she looks instinctively for their horns, hoofs, and even tails in fond remembrance of Sunday school literature on gambling. But she gets a great surprise, for she might almost fancy herself so far as dress and appearance go, enjoying a pleasant Sunday afternoon in a chapel.

Women sit as seriously at the tables as they might do at their prayers. And as sitting there pretty close for nearly two months, I am inclined to say that if gambling is at the root of male human nature, it is also at the branch, bud and blossom of the female!

**Women Credited With Great Luck.** Women have wonderful luck. While men are out of elaborate systems, the mysteries of which would take a very Napoleon of finance to elucidate, and they are "sure to win" and "they do win."

It is not at all an uncommon thing to see a woman sitting against the wall, her husband by her side, waiting for her turn to play.

**A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.** D. R. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Discoloration, Freckles, Redness, and all Skin Troubles. Makes the Skin Soft, Smooth, and Beautiful. It is a Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. It is a Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. It is a Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

## TWO WOMEN TESTIFY

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Their Health—Their own Statements Follow.

New Moorefield, Ohio.—"I take great pleasure in thanking you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. I had bearing down pains, was dizzy and weak, had pains in lower back and could not be upon my feet long enough to get a meal. As long as I laid on my back I would feel better, but when I would get up those bearing down pains would come back, and the doctor said I had female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was the only medicine that helped me and I have been growing stronger ever since I commenced to take it. I hope it will help other suffering women as it has me. You can use this letter."—Mrs. CASSIE LLOYD, New Moorefield, Clark Co., Ohio.

Read What This Woman Says: South Williamstown, Mass.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound certainly has done a great deal for me. Before taking it I suffered with backache and pains in my side. I was very irregular and I had a bad female weakness, especially after periods. I was always tired, so I thought I would try your medicine. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt so much better that I got another and now I am a well woman. I wish more women would take your medicine. I have told my friends about it."—Mrs. ROBERT COLT, Box 45, South Williamstown, Mass.

parties. There are women also who make a practice of sitting by men, and asking for a piece of their winnings. They must be well known to the crowd, at least. It is a pity the porters at the door cannot leave their seats to the Riviera, and then to get to know those persons.

But after all, these incidents are interesting. And when one looks at the middle-aged, middle-class folk who make up the multitude of visitors at the Riviera, one welcomes "incidents." So far as young life is concerned, the Riviera is practically a desert without a single rose.

For youth the "Society" dinner are the thing, not roulette or treble at roulette. Young people flock to the Moritz, Chamond, and other places, and for them it is the skil, the luge, the hobnob, they leave the money-bags to their parents, grandparents, and maiden aunts, the wise young things!

It would, however, be an injustice to the Casino to say it is utterly devoid of even mild flirtation. There is a pleasing fiction that it is "unlucky" for a wife to watch a husband play, and their parents, grandparents, and maiden aunts, the wise young things!

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